

THE
DRAMATIC CENSOR;
OR,
MONTHLY EPITOME
OF
Taste, Fashion, and Manners.

NUMBER XXX.

FOR OCTOBER 1800.

“ ———* *Oh! it is excellent,
“ To have a Giant's strength :—but it is tyrannous
“ To use it, like a Giant.”* SHAKSPEARE.

“ 'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
“ To right with justice, whom with power they wrong'd.”
ILIAD, Book XIX. v. 181.

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DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Sept. 25, 1800.*

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE—*Cumberland.* THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD—*Morton.*

THE *Wheel of Fortune*, as we have on former occasions remarked, ranks, in our opinion, among the very best

* We hope it will be duly understood by the reader, that the mottoes
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best of modern dramatic productions. The character of *Penruddock* is drawn with a degree of strength, of truth, and justice, to which few parallels can be found. As the portrait of a noble mind, soured by misfortunes, and rendered misanthropical, by the abuse of confidence, and the treachery of friends, it surpasses, in correct delineation, the *Stranger*, in Kotzebue's celebrated Drama of that name. Yet such is the depraved taste of the age, that with all its intrinsic merit, and the admirable acting of Kemble, this play never draws a good house.

Nor is the interest of this drama confined to the leading character of *Penruddock*. The *Tempests*, the *Woodvilles*, and *Sydenham*, are all, and severally masterly sketches. Mr. King, as *Governor Tempest*, displayed his wonted excellence in scenes which require a rich vein of dry and caustic

prefixed to the several numbers of this work, and more particularly in the present instance, are not selected at random, without meaning or design; but have a decisive and immediate reference, either to the general tenor of the publication, or to strong existing circumstances. It is not our disposition to yield easy credit to flying rumours and vague report; but representations of so serious a nature, and backed with strong evidence, have been made to us, relative to the abuse of power, of patronage, and authority, *in a certain quarter*, that we cannot in justice refrain from *distantly hinting* at a system of mal-practice, the *discontinuance* of which, we most ardently hope, will preclude the necessity of *detailed and specific discussion*. In this hope, and under this impression, we shall, for the present, content ourselves with a salutary admonition; trusting that the good sense of the party alluded to, will relieve us from the painful office of reprehension and exposure. We are well aware, that it is not in the compass of human nature to give universal satisfaction—in all extensive establishments, murmurings and disaffection will intrude—but every person in authority should be cautious, not to furnish the disaffected with a pretext for complaint, by flagrant partiality, and wanton oppression.

humour.

humour. Mr. Caulfield has a voice peculiarly audible and distinct, and with proper care and assiduity might render himself a very respectable performer. Miss Mellon possesses a considerable portion of sprightliness and fancy; but her utterance is too rapid, confused and indistinct to be sufficiently intelligible. We earnestly recommend to her to attend to this particular. She is, in other respects, an actress of much promise.

In consequence of the justly regretted illness of Mrs. Bland, Miss B. Menage performed the part of *Josephine*, in the Entertainment. Her extreme youth entitles her to great indulgence; but we must beg leave to warn her against affectation and conceit.

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *Sept.* 26, 1800.

LOVERS' VOWS—*Mrs. Inchbald.* THE POOR SOLDIER
—*O'Keefe.*

MR. Brunton made his second appearance this evening on the London boards, as *Frederick*, the character which he chose for his *debut* on the 22d instant, as related in our former Number. We discovered no prominent deviation in his manner and style of acting from our last report.

To the vocal powers of Mrs. Basters, we gladly accord their due share of praise. Her tones are rich, full and mellow, and swell agreeably on the ear. She sang, in particular, the beautiful ballad—“*My friend and pitcher*,”—with superior taste, and was not more loudly than deservedly encored.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *Sept.* 27, 1800.

ISABELLA; or, THE FATAL MARRIAGE—*D. Garrick.*
THE DESERTER—*C. Dibdin.*

THE merited celebrity of Mrs. Siddons, (this being her
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first appearance this season) attracted a very crowded house, which honoured her performance of *Isabella* with the applause due to her acknowledged and transcendent abilities. To expatiate on a theme so frequently discussed, so universally known, and concerning which no difference of opinion obtains among the judicious, would be a wanton trespass on the patience and good sense of our readers. Suffice it therefore to observe, in general terms, that she infused into the character all that pathos, sensibility, and dignified grief so peculiarly her own.

However interesting in itself, *Biron* is a part, which affords but a very circumscribed scope for the magic powers of the elder Kemble. A monotony of tenderness and woe forms the leading feature in the portrait: yet justice compels us to add, that what there is to do, was done by Mr. Kemble, in a manner to which no other performer is adequate. The appeal he makes to the heart, in depicting the misery resulting from the stretch of parental authority, is awfully impressive. It was a mirror in which every invader of the peace and felicity of two fond lovers might contemplate his own vileness and deformity. Indeed few dramas exhibit a more salutary lesson of the evils entailed on human nature by the cursed ambition of unfeeling parents, and the interference of callous *relatives* to blast the wishes and aspirings of congenial hearts. Mr. Kemble evidently played it from feeling. It was a * “*Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν*,” to every delinquent: and happy were it for society, if every *conscious* bosom would profit from conviction, and atone.

Count Baldwin found a very able representative in Mr. Powell, whose performance (his first appearance in that character) was strongly marked with feeling. Mr. Barry-

* And Nathan said unto David—“*Thou art the man.*” 2 Sam. chap. xii. ver. 7.

more being prevented from playing, in consequence of indisposition, which rendered a temporary *absence from the metropolis adviseable, the part of *Villeroy* devolved on Mr. Raymond, who acquitted himself with considerable address. We have not had frequent opportunities of appreciating the powers of this gentleman; but from the specimens we have occasionally seen, he appears to possess talents of no mean capability. A few *national* peculiarities in pronunciation still require to be corrected.

Mrs. Sparks, as the successor to Mrs. Walcott's cast of characters, performed, for the first time, the part of the nurse, and with very fair pretensions.



COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Sept. 29, 1800.*

HAMLET—*Shakspeare.* DAPHNE AND AMINTOR—*Bickerstaffe.*

THE prominent novelty of this evening was the appearance of Mr. Brunton, in the character of *Hamlet*. To attempt a part of this description, so arduous in itself, and so certain of being weighed, not merely by the critics, but by the great bulk of the audience, in the scale of comparison,

* As various ill-natured reports are industriously circulated concerning the rigour and despotism of Mr. Kemble's management, who is represented as ruling the Theatre *with a rod of iron*; it affords us peculiar pleasure to be able to state, that nothing could surpass the affability, and kind solicitude, with which he conducted himself towards Mr. Barrymore, on that performer's application for a short leave of absence. With this request, Mr. Kemble not only instantly and cheerfully complied; but strongly urged to Mr. B——, the necessity of consulting his health, in preference to every other consideration; and, in this view, from his own free impulse, recommended a longer term of relaxation from the fatigue of business, than Mr. Barrymore had applied for.

with

with the *chef d'œuvre* of the great *Roscus* of the modern stage—is an enterprize, which well might awe the daring, even of first-rate talents and veteran ability. It was, therefore, with anxious forebodings we saw the name of Mr. Brunton announced in the Bills. As a character highly sententious, *Hamlet* requires a correspondent energy of tone, a correspondent dignity of figure. Unhappily for Mr. Brunton, he is equally defective in both these essential requisites. In stature rather under the middle size, and with a voice incapable of intonation, he is confessedly ill-calculated for a part almost wholly declamatory, and in which the highest refinements of art, without the co-operation of nature, in personal endowments, are inefficient recommendations.

For these reasons, we cannot but account Mr. Brunton's choice of this character highly injudicious. Performers seem not to be duly aware of the injury they do themselves, by their temerity. Grasping at the pinnacle of fame, at the very outset of their career, they wind up public expectation to its highest pitch; and, if they fail in their attempt, their fall becomes the greater, in proportion to the altitude of their aspirings. This is playing a desperate game, at which hundreds lose for one that wins. Better were it to steer a middle course, and rise, by gradual ascent, than by a rash precipitancy incur the risque of irretrievable downfall.

From these preliminary remarks, our readers will conclude that we did not anticipate any superior degree of excellence from Mr. Brunton's performance. Circumstanced as that gentleman is, it argues no mean merit not to offend; which we conceive ourselves authorized in stating he did not, except by comparison, which, on the present occasion, could not be restricted from obtruding itself upon the mind. To dwell on defects, originating in physical causes, and, therefore, irremediable, is an invidious office, which we feel no
ambition

ambition to undertake; but it is the part of a friendly critic to point out bad habits, which admit of correction and reform. Among these, we class a certain *alertness of step*, which may, indeed, be ranked among the characteristics of Mr. Brunton's performance; but which ill accords with the expression of affliction and settled melancholy. Another peculiarity consists in the *constant winking of his eyes*, which produces a very disagreeable effect, and ought to be most industriously avoided. Great pains and perseverance, no doubt, will be requisite to overcome the force of habit; but, though arduous, the task is practicable, and therefore ought to be accomplished. To conclude, we may observe of Mr. Brunton's *Hamlet*, that if his performance was not distinguished by any prominent *traits* of strength and vigour, it was, on the other hand, not disgraced by the common error of actors in similar circumstances, who generally run into the opposite extreme of turgidity; and as *Hamlet* himself expresses it, literally "tear the passion to tatters." This is a merit, for which Mr. Brunton is entitled to commendation.

Mrs. H. Johnston's personation of *Ophelia* was, in the aggregate, well conceived, and ably executed; but she occasionally betrayed an affectation of simplicity, which bore no analogy to nature. Many of her tones were too infantine, and in her endeavours to appear artless, she overshot the mark, and became too obviously artificial.

Mr. Waddy's *King* is a positive burlesque of the *Majesty of Denmark*! In the closing-scene, in particular, he does not *wait to be killed*; but anticipating the fatal blow, falls back in his chair, and gives up the ghost most composedly, before *Hamlet* has time to make a single pass at him.

The grave-digging scene, in itself too ludicrous to accord with the general tenor of the play, is rendered still more ridiculous and grotesque, by the number of waistcoats which

Emery

Emery successively pulls off: his equipment would be more in character for *Filch*, in the *Beggars' Opera*.

The Tragedy was succeeded by a one-act Comic Opera, which has slept in peaceful oblivion for no less a term than twenty-five years, entitled *Daphne and Amintor*, but which was this night resuscitated from its slumbers, to introduce a new actress, a Miss Howell, to the Public, in the character of *Daphne*. This lady, who is a pupil of Mr. Hook's, acquired considerable applause by her vocal performances at Vauxhall, during the course of the past summer. She is extremely young: her figure small, but well proportioned, with a pleasing cast of features, strongly expressive of simplicity and innocence. Her voice is rather sweet and melodious, than powerful; but will doubtless increase in strength and compass with practice, and maturer years. On her first *entre* on the boards, she was seized with such a violent trepidation, as to be unable to proceed, and was obliged to be carried off the stage, on the point of fainting. But the cheering smiles and plaudits of the audience, on her return, soon relieved her in a great measure from her embarrassment, and she went through the part with considerable applause, though her timidity must be supposed to have proved a momentous drawback on her powers. She sings with taste and science; but as an actress, she has much to learn.



DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *Sept. 30, 1800.*

JANE SHORE—*N. Rowe.* OF AGE TO-MORROW.

MR. Raymond appeared as Mr. Aickin's successor, in the part of *Gloucester*, which he sustained with credit. The rest of the characters retained their accustomed cast.

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 1, 1800.

THE RIVALS — *R. B. Sheridan.* THE TURNPIKE-
GATE — *Knight.*

ANOTHER candidate for Thespian honours, of the name of Blanchard, made his *debut* this evening, before a metropolitan audience, in the characters of *Acres* in the Play, and *Crack* in the Entertainment. He is a recruit from the Norwich stage, at which theatre he has acquired considerable celebrity, as a comic performer. Low humour seems to be his *forte*; for which, indeed, his look, voice, and general appearance, are well calculated. As a veteran, his manner discovered a degree of ease and familiarity with the stage, not to be expected from a novice. He is not deficient in comic powers; but rather too strongly tinctured with the leaven of the Provincial school, and too apt to give into buffoonery and grimace. This, however, is the general error of country performers, and will, no doubt, gradually wear off, as he feels the pulse of a London audience.

With these exceptions, to which we might, perhaps, add an exaggerated and revolting affectation of confidence, Mr. Blanchard's performance of *Acres* was, at least, on a *par* with the rest of the acting. Honest *David* found a representative in Mr. Beverly, another of the new engagements of the present season, who owes his introduction to the recommendation of Mr. Const—the same gentleman, who has the merit of having ushered Mr. Munden, (who may justly be styled the comic *hero* of Covent-Garden Theatre) to the notice of the managers. In rustic parts, which require a commixture of shrewdness and simplicity—of ignorance and cunning—Mr. Beverly promises to render himself useful.

As *Crack*, in the Entertainment, Mr. Blanchard was less successful, than in the Comedy. Mr. Munden, the original

representative of this character has, in fact, made this part so peculiarly *his own*, that whoever follows him in it, will have a strong tide of popular prejudice to encounter. There is a degree of drollery and archness in Mr. Munden's look and manner, especially in the whimsical posture he assumes, and the *cunning eye he rolls*, when singing the humorous ballad—

“ To perfection come,

“ Humming all the trade is:

“ Ladies, lovers hum—

“ Lovers, hum the ladies”—

which, perhaps, no other performer is capable of attaining. The same remark applies to the truly ludicrous gesticulation, which accompanies Munden's pause at the close of the last stanza in this song—

“ Strike they must; though loath,

“ Ships, with dollars cramm'd—

“ If they're not humm'd both,

“ Then will I be—d—d!”—

All those of our readers, who have seen Mr. Munden in this part, will acknowledge the force and pertinency of our observations. We do not offer these remarks, with a view to depreciate from Mr. Blanchard's merit, by invidious comparison; but rather from friendly motives, to assign a competent, and at the same time not derogatory reason for the contrast in point of effect and impression, between Mr. Blanchard's performance of this character, and that of his predecessor.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, Oct. 2, 1800.

INDISCRETION—*P. Hoare*. MY GRANDMOTHER—
P. Hoare.

THE part of *Julia*, by Miss De Camp, for the first time. This Lady approximates nearer to the manner of Mrs. Jordan,
dan,

dan, (as whose substitute she now appeared) than any other actress: yet still there is a deficiency of interest in her performance of this *rattling* character. M. C. Kemble was the representative of *Algernon*, originally played, and certainly as well, at least, by Mr. Talbot, who has left the Theatre. The part would have fared much better (if *Nepotismus* would admit of sound councils) in the hands of Mr. Powell, who has infinitely more the air and ease of a Gentleman than any of the Kembles. Mr. Raymond personated *Clermont*, Mr. Barrymore not being sufficiently recovered, to resume his professional duties.

In consequence of Mrs. Bland's indisposition, the part of *Florella*, in the entertainment, devolved on Miss Stephens. No comparison is admissible between the manner of these two performers—Mrs. Bland, all life and spirits—Miss Stephens, the very quintessence of dullness and insipidity. Fortunately for Drury-Lane, the Manager has since found a competent substitute for our favourite Bland, in the person of Mrs. Mountain.

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, Oct. 3, 1800.

HAMLET—*Shakspeare*. DAPHNE AND AMINTOR—*Bickerstaffe*.

MR. Brunton and Miss Howell severally sustained the characters of *Hamlet* and *Daphne*, for the second time. Nothing entitled to further notice occurred.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, Oct. 4, 1800.

SIEGE OF BELGRADE—*Cobb*. WHO'S THE DUPE?—*Mrs. Cowley*.

GHITA, by Miss B. Menage, for the first time. In the
Z z Farce,

Farce, Messrs. Trueman and De Camp, likewise for the first time, severally sustained the parts of *Sandford* and *Granger*.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, Oct. 6, 1800.

ROMEO AND JULIET—*Shakspeare*. SELIMA AND
AZOR—*Sir G. Collier*.

ALTHOUGH, for reasons already assigned, we cannot but arraign the judgment of Mr. Brunton, in grasping at things beyond his reach, and thereby eventually laying himself open to exposure, we must admit, that *Romeo* is a character more congenial to his powers and capability, than *Hamlet*. Tender, rather than sententious; and depicting the workings of the softer passion, the *personalities*, which militate against Mr. Brunton's success in *Hamlet*—as to his youthful appearance, the want of a commanding figure, and the slenderness of his voice—nearly cease to operate as objections against him, in the young impassioned lover. Here, therefore, he appears to much greater comparative advantage; and playing, as he avowedly does, from feeling, occasionally rises above mediocrity. Yet still, we could wish to see him content to move, for the present, in a more humble sphere. In deference to his years, and incipient practice, we readily accord him every indulgence, compatible with a due regard to propriety and truth: but we should be infinitely better pleased to hail him with the cheering accents of congratulations, and to attend his steps *progressively* through the several gradations that lead to excellence.

Mr. Lewis's *Mercutio*, is a *chef d'œuvre*. Were we called upon to instance *particular* beauties, in a performance, every part of which is entitled to the highest applause, we should select the description of *Queen Mab*, which Mr. Lewis gives with a degree of force and pertinency, not to
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be conceived by those, who have not witnessed his acting ; and, secondly, the sequel to the fencing scene between *Mercutio* and *Tibalt*. There is such a happy commixture of jest and earnest, of heroism and *badinage* in Mr. Lewis's manner, and his—" *Plague on both your houses !*"—is accompanied with such genuine *traits* of humour, as fully embody the idea of the author, and to which no other performer on either stage is adequate. Indeed, in parts of this description, Mr. Lewis stands unrivalled and alone.

Mrs. Pope's *Juliet* partakes in a strong degree of the characteristic defects of this lady's acting, which loses all its interest and charms, by obtrusive affectation, self-complacence, and conceit. Her voice, likewise, as we have frequently had occasion to remark, is very unequal, and falls, by abrupt transitions, from a high to a low and discordant key.

The rest of the performers, with the *great*, i. e. *bulky* Waddy, and the most insipid Betterton at their head, may be *lumped* together, as so many dead weights in the scale ; or rather as *cyphers*, which acquire value solely from their relative situation. Mr. Simmons, however, who performed the Apothecary with as much ability, as so small a part will admit of displaying, is an exception to this general censure. He possesses a vein of true humour, and, but for his diminutive stature, which precludes him from occupying a station adequate to his merits, would be an acquisition to the Theatre.

The Entertainment consisted of a Persian Tale, in three acts, entitled *Selima and Azor*, produced originally at Drury-Lane in 1776, and now performed this evening, for the first time, on the Covent-Garden boards. The music, the composition of the late justly celebrated Mr. Linley, is pleasing ; but this is all that can be said in its praise. In every other respect, it is a futile and insipid production. Mr. Incledon, as *Azor*, entertained the audience with some of his sweetest
notes ;

notes; but the dress he wears, in the disguise of an ape, is absolutely beastly, and ought, for the sake of decency, to be proscribed from the stage. It is a positive libel on human nature; not to mention the injurious physical effects (but too sensibly felt by Mr. Incledon) resulting from the sudden exchange of such a *sweltering* habit, for a light silk dress, which can scarcely fail of producing a violent chill. Were we disposed to waste criticism on such an unworthy object, which ought to be scouted, *in toto*, we should observe, that to aid the illusion, it would be necessary to give the false ears, worn by *Azor*, in his *Cecropithecan* disguise, the appearance of a natural organ, by throwing the inside of the ears into *shade*, to resemble a cavity. At present they are two flat red masses, without any gradation of colour.

Mr. Blanchard, made his second appearance this evening, in the character of *Ali*. As a performer in farce and low comedy, he may be advantageously employed, as a substitute or double for Mr. Munden. Miss Dixon, likewise her second appearance, acquired great applause in *Selima*. In the beautiful air—" *No flower that blows*," &c.—she was loudly *encored*.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, Oct. 6, 1800.

THE BEGGARS' OPERA—*Gay*. THE INDIAN—
J. Fenwick.

THIS evening, Mrs. Mountain, whose diversified talents have frequently formed the theme of strong and merited commendation, in our report of the Haymarket Theatricals, made her *debut* on the Drury-Lane stage, in the character of *Polly*. In engaging the services of this lady, Mr. Kemble has acted creditably to his own judgment, and secured a permanent source of attraction to that Theatre, of which he

now

now holds the managerial reins. The improvement Mrs. Mountain has made, under the auspices of that great master Rauzzini, (the celebrated tutor of the first vocal performer in the kingdom, Mr. Incledon) during her residence at Bath, is truly astonishing. With a voice rich, powerful, harmonious, and capable of the greatest flexibility of modulation, she combines depth of science, and refined execution. Nor do her pretensions to excellence rest here—what doubly enhances her value, and renders her an acquisition of the first importance, is the happy union of the qualities requisite to constitute an actress, with her musical acquirements. She is, perhaps, the only adequate substitute the manager could possibly have selected for that deservedly great favourite of the public, Mrs. Bland, whose impaired state of health, we are sorry to state, leaves little hopes of her return to the stage. Equal to that admired actress in professional merit, Mrs. Mountain possesses a striking advantage over her, in point of figure.

Her performance this evening was such, as fully warrants the encomium we have just pronounced upon her talents, in the aggregate. In look, manner, action, and delivery: in one word, in all the diversified range of qualities, essential to the just delineation of the character, she gave a perfect transcript of the part. Her utterance clear, impressive, and distinct, completely filled the extensive dimensions of the house; whilst the animation, tenderness and spirit, which she infused into her acting, formed a striking but pleasing contrast, to the insipidity of her predecessors. She was, from first to last, the admiration of a numerous, a fashionable, and enraptured audience.

Kelly, as *Mackheath*, acquitted himself more to our satisfaction, than we ever remember to have seen him in that character. His delivery partook less of that disagreeable monotony, on which we have so repeatedly had occasion to animadvert

animadvert ; and his whole manner appeared more sprightly, gay, and easy, than customary. We mention this circumstance with pleasure, as we have frequently been under the painful necessity of noticing his performance in terms of censure. The character of *Macheath* requires a considerable share of humour and vivacity ; and Mr. Kelly need labour under no apprehensions of overshooting the mark, in this respect.

As a kind of *set-off* to the immoral impression stated, and not unjustly, to be made on the public mind by the representation of this Opera, the Interlude between the *Player* and *Beggar* was restored, in its original form, to the stage. Mr. Powell personated the *Beggar* (a part avowedly much beneath him) on this occasion, and Mr. Caulfield acted as the representative of the *Player*. Mrs. Sparks succeeded Mrs. Walcott, in the character of *Mrs. Peachum*, which she performed this evening, for the first time, with appropriate spirit and ability.

The Opera was followed by the first representation of a new Farce, in two acts, called the *Indian* ; the plan, and prominent features of which, are taken from a French Comedy, in three acts, entitled *Arlequin Sauvage*, performed some years since with considerable applause at Paris. It is the acknowledged offspring of Mr. Fenwick's muse, the reputed author of the Comedy—" *He's much to blame*"—and is, in our opinion, a work far superior to the major part of our recent dramatic productions. This assertion we make with confidence, notwithstanding the untoward, and we must say, unmerited fate Mr. Fenwick's drama has experienced, having literally sunk under the opposition of a cabal, that worked upon the prejudices of the public at large, and the malignancy of certain *party tools*, that disgorged their rancour and venom through the medium of the newspapers. One
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of these, in particular, the *True Briton*, attempts to raise a general *hue-and-cry* against it, by insinuating that it is a vile Jacobinical production, of most dangerous tendency to church and state. Nay; the infuriate critic, in the torrent and whirlwind of his passion, has attacked, not only its political, but its literary pretensions, and affects to describe the *Indian*, as a drama, equally dull, futile and ill-written, as it to him appears dangerous and revolutionary. How far Mr. Fenwick's drama deserves this character, we shall immediately proceed to investigate.

That it is in many respects deficient, in point of dramatic effect, and not sufficiently seasoned with the spice of low humour and buffoonery, to suit the prevailing taste of the town, we will not pretend to deny. But, that it neither merits the reproach of dullness, nor a want of elegance of style—still less, that it militates against the principles of social order, of loyalty, and good government, we shall endeavour to prove, beyond the power of contradiction, by an impartial analysis of the work itself. It has seldom fallen to our lot to appear as the advocate of dramatic productions, in opposition to the public verdict; indeed, the general tenor of our conduct, renders us little liable to the suspicion of acting under undue influence, on the part of persons who write for the stage. But when, as in the present instance, an author appears to have fallen the victim of sinister and malevolent practices, we conceive it our duty to stand forward in his defence, and to obtain, if not a reversal of the sentence, at least a justification from the charges falsely preferred against him.

It will hardly be denied by the most bigotted slave to popular and local prejudices, that what we generally denominate refinement and cultivation, in civilized life, has been productive of a host of moral evils, by substituting the *shadow* of virtue for the *substance*. Under the mask of

politeness, civilized man practises the grossest deception, and the vilest hypocrisy wears the mask of sincerity and truth. Nay, so palpable is this moral perversion of sentiment and conduct, that many philosophical writers have been induced to pause, and seriously to call in question, whether refinement and civilization, on a fair estimate, ought to rank among the blessings, or curses, entailed upon mankind. If man, in a state of savage nature, shocks us with the grossness of his vices; the latent guilt, and complicated villainy of civilized communities, and individuals, are not less atrocious, and probably more dangerous, from the very circumstance of being less open to observation.

To determine then, in some degree, this speculative dispute, without the remotest reference to political and party questions, is in a great measure the object of Mr. Fenwick's drama. This object, certainly highly meritorious and important, is so ably detailed in the excellent Prologue to the *Indian*, written by the ingenious Dr. Houlton—a Prologue, by the bye—which, contrary to the general practice, bears a direct analogy to the purport of the piece it ushers in, and is therefore entitled to the praise of moral fitness and propriety, that we cannot adopt a better mode of bringing the reader acquainted with the spirit, tendency, and design of Mr. Fenwick's production, than by inserting a copy of it.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN rose fair Learning to illumine the mind,
Which liberal Nature gave all human kind,
Quick on the infant brain Perception's ray
Broke from the orb of scientific day;
With gradual force impress'd the lucid beam,
Till age improv'd it to a light supreme.

Such EUROPE, was thy boast—while fainter shone
In India's sultry clime the *mental Sun*—
And still thy pride, with undiminish'd name,
In science, arts—to boast unrivall'd fame.

But

But say, bright Europe, with thy knowledge great,
 Do *morals—manners—*reign in equal state?
 Cannot, a *simple Indian*, with less light,
 Discern, with shrewdness, moral wrong, or right?
 Distinguish vain parade from sterling sense,
 And paint unsullied Nature's influence?
 With purest flame acknowledge Love's sweet dart,
 And only speak the language of the heart?

Some genuine samples we'll this night present ye,
 Of *artless man*—and hope that they'll content ye.
 Untutor'd in the ways of polish'd life,
 And ignorant quite t' obtain a *Smithfield wife*,
 Our author lands him from th' Atlantic main,
 Not in gay England—but in solemn Spain.
 Our manners, and our fashion's he'll not see,
 T' excite his simple strokes of pleasantry.
 Some honest truths he'll bluntly speak—what then?
 They'll hit none of *our* tonish Gentlemen!
 Our pucker-shoulder'd *beaux* will scape his laugh—
 And German boots secure adorn his calf.
 Our *Belles* he'd like—so lovely—*airy*—chaste—
Transparent dresses are the Indian taste!
 Admire their smart snug wigs, in splendid shops—
 For Indian Ladies naturally are crops!

A thousand sights, in short, would please him here—
 And thousands, by the bye, would make him stare—
 But, *entre nous*, it might be safe, I ween,
 This Indian should in Spain do *quarantine*.
 For should he come, ere this, to vent his passion,
 Zounds! he might prove a plague to all our fashion!
 Yet, as a stranger to our happy land,
 Aid the poor Indian from *your* gen'rous hand!

To bring this question fairly to issue, the author supposes
 an American Indian, possessed of good natural parts, and
 unwarped strength of intellect; but unsophisticated with the
 polish and refinements of European manners, landed in Spain,
 where the customs and actions of the inhabitants afford

him continual ground for enquiry and astonishment. In the course of his observations, he naturally contrasts the manners of his new acquaintance, with those to which he has been accustomed in his native country; and, but too frequently finds reason to doubt the value of those accomplishments on which Europeans so highly prize themselves. In all this, we can discover no rational ground of offence; the question being entirely speculative, and philosophical. Nay, so extremely cautious has the author approved himself of furnishing the slightest pretext for political umbrage, (well knowing the propensity of certain curs to bark, *even at a shadow!*) that he has prudently refrained from making his philosophical experiment on British ground, though the ease and liberty of English manners, would certainly have better accorded with the attempt, than the characteristic gravity of the Spaniards, as Dr. Houlton, in his Prologue to the *Indian*, very ingeniously observes. Yet, notwithstanding this marked and judicious caution, on the part of the author, in making his hero *perform quarantine* (see Prologue) *in Spain*, that no *national* stumbling block, and rock of offence, may be offered to the partiality of *John Bull* :— the *True Briton*, with its wonted profligacy, has obtruded the sour leaven of politics into the dispute, and with a total disregard of principle and truth, represents our untutored Indian Philosopher, as a *red-hot Jacobin*, who seeks occasion for censure and reprobation in every custom of civilized life. The following *analysis* of Mr. Fenwick's Drama, to which, for the better elucidation of the plot, we prefix a list of the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Diego,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. SUETT.
<i>Ferdinand,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. TRUEMAN.
<i>Itanoko,</i>	-	e	-	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
<i>Michael,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. PALMER.

Sancho

<i>Sancho,</i>	-	-	Mr. WATHEN.
<i>Don Philip,</i>	-	-	Mr. SPARKS.
<i>L' Aiguille,</i>	-	-	Mr. WEWITZER.
<i>Upholder,</i>	-	-	Mr. CAULFIELD.
<i>Jew Pedlar,</i>	-	-	Mr. GRIMALDI.
<i>Monk,</i>	-	-	Mr. MADDOCKS.
<i>Alguazil,</i>	-	-	Mr. WEBB.
<i>Violetta,</i>	-	-	Miss MELLON.
<i>First Savoyard,</i>	-	-	Miss ARNE.
<i>Second Savoyard,</i>	-	-	Miss B. MENAGE.
<i>Third Savoyard,</i>	-	-	Miss MENAGE.

will show how much, or rather how little, deference and credit are due to the malignant reports respecting this Play, propagated in the *True Briton*.

The Farce of the *Indian* opens with a conversation between *Sancho* and *Michael*, servants to *Diego*, in which the tricks, lies, rapacity, and villainy of knavish domestics are very properly exposed. The following extract, on this head, will serve as a specimen, at once of the author's design, and of his style of writing

SCENE—MADRID.

Sancho. "Our master imagines his happiness very much concerned in the execution of some of the commands he gave you.

Michael. "Oh! they are all alike ridiculous! He gave me a letter to deliver with my own hands, to the minister's favourite secretary, in which he asks for a troop of dragoons for his son; and he is actually ignorant enough to expect that the secretary will send a confidential agent, to negotiate the affair. He ordered me to procure the best taylor in Madrid, to measure his son for the horse uniform; and a dancing master, and other masters, to accomplish him for his post. The letter to the secretary sleeps soundly in my pocket; but *L' Aiguille*, the French taylor, being my friend, I have sent for him, knowing that *Diego* will set him to work on something."

Enter

Enter DIEGO.

Diego. “*Michael!*—returned already! you are the cleverest fellow in all Madrid, as the upholder, who sold me this house, told me, when he recommended you. Where’s the answer to my letter?

Michael. “I went, Sir, with all the speed of a two-legged intelligent animal, to the secretary’s hotel. But there all my alacrity was damped by a fat porter, who stood in the half-opening of a folding door, as tranquilly, as if he had been part of the carpenter’s work, while I eloquently importuned him to let me pass.

Diego. “Well! well!

Michael. “I so far touched his heart, at last, that he, throwing open the whole door, clapped his hand upon my mouth. (*Puts his hand upon Diego’s mouth.*)

Diego. “Ah! Ah! ah! you have suffocated me, villain!

Michael. “I beg pardon, Sir—and roared out:—a fee! a fee! a fee! (*following Diego round the stage*) No fee, no audience!—no fee, no entrance!—a fee! a fee! a fee!

Diego. “Here, give the rascal his fee! (*gives Michael money*) run back with my letter—Give the rascal a fee!

Michael goes off, but re-enters in haste.

Michael. “Sir, I forgot—there will be the secretary’s gentleman to compliment.

Diego. “Well, satisfy him. (*Gives Michael money*).

Michael. “But, first, there will be the gentleman’s valet.

Diego. “Well, satisfy him too. (*Gives more money*).

Michael. “And, Sir, there will be a footman, to carry the message to the valet.

Diego. “Satisfy them all!” (*Gives more money, and pushes Michael out.*)

The second topic of ridicule, is the custom of being denied to unwelcome visitors, under the pretence of not being at home, though the other party is well aware that the person denied is in the house at the time. This *Itanoko* finds it difficult to reconcile with good faith, and common sense.

We next find *Itanoko* surprized at the late hour in the morning, at which the inhabitants of Madrid rise. He leaves his bed early; and, by way of exercise, goes in pursuit

suit of game, when shooting some deer, he narrowly escapes being shot himself.

Itanoko's description of a fop, and the manner in which he revenged himself on the coxcomb, is truly humourous—

“ An old woman told me the name of his tribe; and informed me, that they were helpless creatures, who can do nothing for themselves.

Michael. “ Your old woman gave you a very accurate description of a fop.

Itanoko. “ Seeing the poor fellow embarrassed with a little gutter that ran down the middle of a street, I took him up in my arms, and lifted him over. When I put him down, he flew in a passion, and drew his sword upon me. But I soon set the matter right again: I took him in my arms, and placed him where I found him.”

Meeting with a Jew-pedlar, who solicits him to “ take some of his goods,” *Itanoko*, misconceiving the Israelite's meaning, seizes on a ring, and a pocket looking-glass, which he supposes to be gifts from the pedlar. This leads to a whimsical explanation of the Jew's meaning.

In a discourse between *Diego*, *Itanoko*, and the upholder, who furnishes *Diego's* house, we meet with some sprightly sallies of wit and sarcasm against those, who affect a passion for books, and incur the expence of a magnificent library, merely for the purpose of show and ostentation.

Upholder. “ We have four principal methods of classing books—the first, according to the respective excellence of the writers—the second, according to the matter they treat of—the third, according to the tongue in which they are written; and the last, according to their size and bindings.

Diego. “ I am glad you found your way to the last; because it is by far the best.

Upholder. “ It is always preferred by persons of judgment. And, Sir, anticipating your taste, I have formed a library, with which you may challenge the universe, for the refinement of its effect.”

Enter

Enter ITANOKO.

Itanoko. “ Ah! (*looking round, with extreme pleasure*) What a delightful room! I wonder no poet ever feigned the Paradise of an infinite library. (*Offers to take down a book*).

Diego. “ What are you doing?—you’ll soil my *bindings*.

Itanoko. Bindings!

Diego. “ Yes, *bindings*. Is there no way to make you understand the value of things?

Itanoko. “ I understand the meaning of the word; but it is that which excites my astonishment. The *bindings* are things to please the *eye*:—in the *books* is matter to content the *heart*. There is not an Indian of my whole tribe so ignorant, as to make the choice you do between these two kinds of pleasure—Ah! uncle, I pity your folly.

Diego. “ Much obliged to you, upon my soul. But you shan’t spoil my *bindings*.

Itanoko. “ If you wish to preserve your *bindings*, bind up blank paper; and leave me to the enjoyment of your books. (*Sits at a table and reads.*)

Diego. “ Bind up blank paper! (*to the Upholder*) Mr. Upholder, that would not be a bad plan:—it would save the expence of authors, and printers, and other useless people.

Upholder. “ Why, Sir, we sometimes make libraries, and save even the paper.

Diego. “ How do you manage that?

Upholder. “ We make them of wood.

Diego. “ And a very pretty plan it is—(*to Itanoko*) Hold! hold!—Ah! my *bindings*! (*runs to Itanoko, and drags him from the books*) I’ll have covers made to save my *bindings*.

Upholder. “ I have furnished a whole library with covers, made of printed linens, of various patterns, according to the humour of the several authors; dismal, or gay; gaudy, or chaste; grand, or minute.”

The *vain boast of heraldry*, is slightly glanced at, involving some just reflexions on the pride of pedigree.

Duelling forms the next subject of discussion, on which *Itanoko* entertains sentiments not very congenial with the fashionable notions of the day. His cousin, *Ferdinand*, informs him, that he has an affair of honour on his hands, and solicits *Itanoko* to be his second.

Itanoko.

Itanoko. "Second!—what is that?"

Ferdinand. "I have a rival, you know; and he very nearly frustrated my scheme for carrying off *Olivia*. But he shall repent his temerity. I have sworn to kill him, or fall myself.

Itanoko. "This is a foolish resolution. But, if you will kill your rival, why should I go with you? He is no more than *one*."

Ferdinand. "You are to see justice done me."

Itanoko. "Justice!—You kill your antagonist, or he kills you. What has justice to do with that?"

Ferdinand. "When we fight in this country, we go through the whole affair, according to established regulations."

Itanoko. "Then the laws direct the manner of conducting your quarrels?"

Ferdinand. "Absurd!—the laws prohibit fighting."

Itanoko. "How's this? You talk of fighting, according to law, and yet of being forbid, by the laws, to fight!"

Ferdinand. "Let me explain this to you. The public laws are made for every body."

Itanoko. "That is just."

Ferdinand. "But gentlemen, beside the public laws, have a particular code of their own."

Itanoko. "That contradicts what you said at first. But, at least, let me understand what is your practice. Gentlemen may fight—but poor men must not—Is that so?"

Ferdinand. "Yes."

Itanoko. "Ha! ha! ha! that is the most ridiculous thing I have heard since I came to Europe!"

The self-consequence, and ridiculous airs of French *fripons* are very happily satirized, in the person of *L'Aguille*, a French taylor, whom *Diego* mistakes for a confidential agent of the secretary to the minister of state. A sluggish, overgrown *Monk*, who makes his *belly his god*, causes *Itanoko* to exclaim—"If my father had been of your form and bulk, the wolves and tygers of his native woods would have slept in his path"—And when he is informed that *Monks* are a race of men "doomed to perpetual celibacy—men who can never know the endearments of a wife, and smiling in-

fants"—*Itanoko* pities them from his heart; and cannot be prevailed upon to believe, that any man can voluntarily embrace such a course of life, and even account it glorious.

Itanoko encounters a company of *Savoyards*, who ask leave to play to him. *Itanoko* is delighted with their kind offer, and accosting one of the troop, tells her she is very handsome. As this scene involves some very pertinent remarks on the moral evils introduced into the habits of civilized life, by the insatiate thirst for gold, it may not be inexpedient to transcribe it.

Itanoko. "You are very handsome.

First Savoyard. "Oh, la! Sir, (*curtseying*) This is a pretty ring, Sir—(*Taking his hand, and pointing to it.*).

Itanoko. "It will look more beautiful on your finger, (*puts it on, and she curtsies.*) You are very lovely! (*Snatches her in his arms, and kisses her.*) You permit me to kiss you?

First Savoyard. "To be sure, Sir. (*Curtsies again.*)

Itanoko. "And you? (*to the Second Savoyard.*)

Second Savoyard. "If you please, Sir.

Itanoko. "What! all of you?

Savoyards. "If you please, Sir. (*They all curtesy, and Itanoko kisses them all round.*)

Itanoko. "After all, *Michael*, I see, is right, Europe is a delightful country.

First Savoyard. "Shall we sing to you?

Itanoko. "Pray do.

AIR—SAVOYARDS.

When Laura's eyes, and Carlo's meet,
Their moisten'd lips are sure to greet;
But his, with burning kisses dry,
To wine, instinctive, quickly fly:
Till moist, again, they soon return,
Again to kiss!—again to burn!

Second Savoyard. "Now, Sir, I hope you will give us something,

Itanoko. "Something! What?

First Savoyard. "A little money, Sir.

Itanoko o

Itanoko. “ Money! money!—are kisses bartered for money? smiles for money? and sympathy and love for money?”

Savoyards. “ Every thing!—every thing!”

Itanoko. (*In a reverie; the Savoyards regarding him with surprise, and making significant signs to each other.*) “ Money! The European should have no other word in his language, beside *money*!—What do you want?—*Money*!—And you?—*Money*!—What do you destroy your health for?—*Money*!—You, your peace of mind?—*Money*!—Every thing is done for *money*!—every thing exchanged for *money*!—And, why for *money*?—What is *money* to do?—To purchase happiness.—Fools! is it not a shorter way to be happy without it?”

Savoyards. “ Come away; come away;—he’s mad! he’s mad!”

The concluding scene exhibits *Itanoko* in a very noble and amiable light. His cousin *Ferdinand* entertains a strong passion for *Olivia*, which that lady returns. As their respective parents are averse to the match, they resolve upon a clandestine marriage, which they hope to effect through the intervention of *Michael*. A priest is provided for this purpose, and introduced into the house. *Violetta* is in love with *Itanoko*, and agrees to give him her hand; but the Indian represents the obligation of filial duty in such forcible terms, that the lovers desist from their design, and throw themselves upon the generosity of their relations. *Don Philip* the father of *Olivia*, is so pleased with this magnanimous conduct, that he gives consent to his daughter’s union with *Ferdinand*; and *Diego* bestows *Violetta* upon *Itanoko*.

We have entered into this minute analysis of the *Indian*, and been the more copious in our extracts, to show, that there is not the smallest foundation for the inveterate obloquy raised against the piece, by a host of prejudiced and invidious detractors. The satire is entirely confined to *moral* objects, without the remotest *political* allusion. The knavery of servants; the insincerity of modern politeness; the

effeminacy of coxcombs; the affectation of *virtù*; the folly, as well as criminality, of duelling; the prostitution of the sacred ties of love; with various other abuses of civilized life, are surely proper topics for the satirist's pen; and may, we presume, be touched, without endangering the peace, the safety, and the welfare of society; or subjecting the writer to the odious charge of *Jacobinism*. In how far Mr. Fenwick is deserving of this accusation, the reader will be enabled to judge from the extracts we have made from the work; which will, likewise, furnish an adequate specimen of the author's style, and thoroughly refute, we are bold to say, the scandalous libels advanced, with so much effrontery and profligacy, in that vortex of infamy, the *True Britain*.

In conclusion, we must observe, that we have been impelled to this vindication of Mr. Fenwick's drama, solely and purely from a love of justice. We have not the happiness of Mr. Fenwick's acquaintance; nor did we ever exchange a single word with that gentleman; but we feel it not the less incumbent upon us, in our public capacity, to step forward, as the champion and advocate of the oppressed, whether known or unknown. In the prospectus to this work, we solemnly pledged ourselves to resist the *profligacy* and *malice* of *anonymous* literary assassins, who stab and murder characters in the dark. This is a promise we are determined, as we have hitherto done, most sacredly to fulfil. Mr. Fenwick has, throughout the whole of his drama, manifested a sincere and laudable anxiety, not to give the slightest offence, on *political* grounds. For this purpose, he has very judiciously laid the scene of action in a foreign country; and, from first to last, conducted his plot with a degree of caution, which entitles him to the full efficacy and operation of the plea, he advances in favour of his hero. "If I have offended, in any manner, pardon me.
Believe

Believe me, the most painful thing in my nature is to give offence."

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, Oct. 7, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton*. PAUL AND VIRGINIA
—*Cobb*.

Miss Murray sustained this evening the interesting character of *Virginia*, vice Mrs. H. Johnston. On this subject, we have received the following Letter from a correspondent to the work:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC CENSOR;

" SIR,

" When the performance at Covent-Garden, of the 7th instant,
" comes under your review, it is *your* duty to point out, and the
" *Manager's* to correct, a glaring impropriety in the scenery. A
" pair of boots, and boorish appendages, we certainly do not ex-
" pect to see in the cottage of the amiable *Virginia*. These wings
" were originally painted, and always used for a *hovel scene*. Their
" introduction, on this occasion, is a speck on the splendour, with
" which the piece is got up. Miss Murray's performance of *Virgi-*
" *nia* is a most delectable treat. She played the part inimitably;
" and sung, and expressed her song, in a manner which justly pro-
" duced universal and reiterated plaudits from a genteel and nu-
" merous audience."

*DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, Oct. 7, 1800.

DOUGLAS.—*P. Hoare*. THE INDIAN—*J. Fenwick*.

* Owing to the number of new appearances this month, and the great length to which our vindication of Mr. Fenwick's *Indian* has unavoidably extended, we are under the necessity of passing over several performances, which otherwise would be entitled to minute detail. But, no doubt, a future opportunity will soon offer, of atoning for the present deficiency.

COVENT.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 8, 1800.

BEAUX STRATAGEM—*Farquhar*. SELIMA AND
AZOR—*Sir G. Collier*.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, Oct. 9, 1800.

THE CASTLE SPECTRE—*Mr. G. Lewis*. THE INDI-
AN—*J. Fenwick*.

THE part of *Percy*, for the first time, by Mr. De Camp.

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, Oct. 10, 1800.

THE DRAMATIST—*Reynolds*. DAPHNE AND AMIN-
TOR—*Bickerstaffe*. THE FARMER—*O'Keefe*.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, Oct. 11, 1800.

INDISCRETION—*P. Hoare*. THE INDIAN—*J. Fenwick*.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, Oct. 13, 1800.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS—*Hon. John St. John*. SYL-
VESTER DAGGERWOOD—*Colman*. THE INDIAN—*J.*
Fenwick.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, Oct. 13, 1800.

ROMEO AND JULIET—*Shakspeare*. SELIMA AND
AZOR—*Sir G. Collier*.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, Oct. 14, 1800.

THE BEGGARS' OPERA—*Gay*. WHO'S THE DUPE?—
Mrs. Cowley.

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, Oct. 14, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton*. ROBIN HOOD—
Mac Nally.

COVENT-CARDEN, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 15, 1800

THE ROAD TO RUIN—*Holcroft*. ROBIN HOOD—*Mac Nally*.

The part of *Harry Dornton*, by Mr. Brunton. We never liked his predecessor in this part, Mr. Holman; and, therefore, it is paying no very great compliment to Mr. Brunton to say, that we saw no reason to regret the change.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, Oct. 16, 1800.

INDISCRETION—*P. Hoare*. THE DESERTER—*C. Dibdin*.

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, Oct. 17, 1800.

WILD OATS—*O'Keefe*. THE HIGHLAND REEL—
O'Keefe.

A lady, of the name of Hamilton, made her *debut* this evening, in the interesting character of *Lady Amaranth*. She possesses, as far as the stiffness of the *quaker dress* (which certainly is not the best calculated for the display of a graceful form) would permit us to judge, a pleasing figure, rather approaching to *embonpoint*, with a striking cast of features. In stature, she is of the middle size, and trod the stage with a happy mixture of ease and dignity. Her voice is remarkably clear, soft and melodious; her utterance distinct, emphatic, and appropriate. The whole of
her

her performance indicated the habits of genteel life, and showed her qualified to take a leading range in the higher walks of sentimental comedy.

Mr. Lewis performed *Rover* with his wonted sprightliness and eccentricity. This cast of character he challenges as his own, beyond either the hope or fear of rivalship. Mr. H. Johnston succeeded Holman, as the representative of *Harry*; and Mr. Emery personated *John Dory*, with considerable talent. There is, indeed, a degree of moroseness, in this character, which well accords with Mr. Emery's acidity of humour.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, Oct. 18, 1800.

MERCHANT OF VENICE—*Shakspeare* OF AGE To-
MORROW.

Owing to the great press of temporary matter, we are under the necessity of postponing our remarks on this Play, till our next Number.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, Oct. 20, 1800.

HAMLET—*Shakspeare*. THE AGREEABLE SURPRIZE
—*O'Keefe*.

The announcement of Mrs. Stephen Kemble, *for this night only*, in the character of *Ophelia*, attracted a crowded house, which overflowed in every part, before the drawing up of the curtain. Her performance was distinguished by that spirit of true simplicity, so infallibly pleasing in the effect, but so inconceivably difficult to attain. The plaintive softness of her voice, excites the tender sensations of sympathy, and adds to the interest we take in *Ophelia's* sufferings. But her delivery was at times too low to be distinctly audible: and in the *mad scene*, we thought her rather too
tame

On the whole, however, it was a pleasing performance, and honoured with the plaudits of a numerous and fashionable audience.

Mrs. Stephen Kemble took likewise a leading part, as *Cowslip*, in the Farce, acted this evening at Drury-Lane, by permission of the Proprietors of the Haymarket Theatre. Her performance was very much in the manner of Mrs. Gibbs, who, in our opinion, will not easily be surpassed in this character. As this entertainment was avowedly got up for the purpose of exhibiting Mrs. Kemble to advantage, it would be ungenerous to draw a comparison between the merit of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, and the regular performance of the farce, at the Haymarket. Mr. Downton personated *Lingo*. Mr. Powell was **degraded* into the representative of *Chicane*, and Mrs. Mountain personated *Laura*. Suett was at home in his old character of *Sir Felix Friendly*.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, Oct. 20, 1800.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—*N. Lee*. SELIMA AND
AZOR—*Sir G. Collier*.

MR. Pope acquired considerable applause, and very deservedly, by his performance of *Alexander*, his first appearance in that character.

* There seems to be a regular, preconcerted, systematic plan, on the part of the Manager of Drury-Lane, to *degrade* this gentleman. Managers and Proprietors have certainly a right to *retain*, or *discharge* their performers, at the expiration of their engagements. But, to pave the way to such a discharge, by depriving the object of their resentment of his *legitimate* cast of characters, and thrusting him into *inferior situations*, with a view of *obliterating his memory*, argues a mean, cowardly, and unmanly soul. Such nefarious practices we shall never fail to expose.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, Oct. 21, 1800.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE—*Cumberland.* WILMORE
CASTLE—*Dr. Houlton.*

THE new Opera, entitled, *Wilmore Castle*, performed this evening, for the first time, is the production of Dr. Houlton, author of the ingenious Prologue to Mr. Fenwick's *Indian*. It does not pretend to intricacy of plot, or any great involution of character: but seems principally designed, as a vehicle to the songs; in the composition of which, Mr. Hook has displayed great professional merit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>General Wilmore,</i>	-	Mr. DOWTON.
<i>Mr. Wilmore,</i>	- -	Mr. MADDOCKS.
<i>Charles Harley,</i>	- -	Mr. KELLY.
<i>Harry Wilmore,</i>	-	Mr. SEDGWICK.
<i>Alderman Marrowfat,</i>		Mr. PALMER.
<i>Smart,</i>	- - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
<i>Tunbelly,</i>	- - -	Mr. SUET.
<i>First Centinel,</i>	- -	Mr. CAULFIELD.
<i>Second Centinel,</i>	-	Mr. DANBY.
<i>Footman,</i>	- - -	Mr. FISHER.
<i>Waiter,</i>	- - -	Mr. EVANS.
<i>Miss Margery Wilmore,</i>		Mrs. SPARKS.
<i>Clarinda Wilmore,</i>	-	Miss STEPHENS.
<i>Harriet Harley,</i>	- -	Miss DE CAMP.
<i>Miss Marrowfat,</i>	-	Miss TIDSWELL.
<i>Housemaid,</i>	- -	Mrs. SCOTT.

The interest of the piece results from the means employed by Mr. Wilmore, to prevent his son *Harry*, and his daughter *Clarinda*, from severally marrying *Charles* and *Harriet Harley*, having preconcerted a match between them and Mr. Alderman Marrowfat and his sister. For this purpose, he sends the lovers to his brother's, *General Wilmore's*
Castle

Castle, where they are kept in custody. *Charles* and *Harriet*, hearing of their confinement, obtain access to them by stratagem, assuming the name of *Bloomly*, and pretending to have met with an impediment to their journey, by the breaking down of their carriage. The aunt, *Miss Margaret Wilmore*, giving faith to their tale, invites them to the Castle, where they are privately married. *Mr. Wilmore* arrives soon after; but finding, that the indissoluble knot is tied, gives his consent to what he cannot recal; and the lovers are made happy in the possession of each other.

As a specimen of Dr. Houlton's poetical talents, we select the following songs; the first of which is *sentimental*—the second *comic*—and the third *humourous*—

FORTUNE! be not ever blind,
Proud, we boast thy guardjan power;
Wealth we ask not—yet be kind
To thy votaries at this hour.
O'er suspicion's scowling eyes
Fix thy bandage for awhile;
And, as Love in ambush lies,
Smile, propitious Fortune! smile.

Hymen! torn so late from thee,
When we sought thy joyous shrine,
Happy let us once more see
Thy unsullied torches shine!
Pure affection warms the breast—
Faithful dwells, devoid of guile,
Anxious—wishing to be blest—
Smile, propitious Hymen! smile.

LOVE's a mighty pretty theme
For a *waking thought*, or *dream*,
Feel you master Cupid's dart?
'Tis a theme, to make one jolly,
Serious, gay, or melancholy—
Have you got it in your heart?

But to clasp a shot of lead—
 What is love, when I am dead!
 When *awake*—Love merry plays
 With your heart a thousand ways,
 Won't you Cupid's pranks allow?
 And when winking, leering, sighing,
 And to sweetheart say, you're dying!
 Don't you feel, you can't tell how?
 But to feel a shot of lead—
 What's a sweetheart when I'm dead!
 In a *dream*—with humour droll,
 Love makes wise men play the fool,
 Shade for substance how they take!
 Fancy sets them briskly wooing—
 Toying, clasping, billing, cooing—
 Disappointed how they wake!
 But to clasp a shot of lead—
 Pretty cooing, when I'm dead!

A LANDLORD is a supple blade,
 He bows to all that come, Sir—
 And if he well has learnt his trade,
 He'll drink wine, beer, or rum, Sir—
 On his coming—coming—
 When the bell rings.

A Landlord's is a sweet employ,
 When guests call smart away, Sir—
 And over-measure runs his joy,
 If they have cash to pay, Sir—
 On his coming—coming—
 When the bell rings.

But *Bucks* will eat, and drink their fill,
 Then damn, and sink, and scoff, Sir—
 "Here, scoundrel, waiter!—bring the bill."—
 And when he's gone, they're off, Sir—
 With their going—going—
 When no bell rings.

With

With losses great—expences high—
 We can't but smartly charge, Sir—
 So gentlefolks accordingly,
 Expect a bill that's large, Sir—
*For a coming—coming—
 When the bell rings.*

And now—God bless our noble King!
 And Lords, and Commons all, Sir—
 We'll cheerful pay each cost, and sing,
 If they'll but sometimes call, Sir—
*To hear coming—coming—
 When the bell rings.*

The main strength of the performance rested with Ban-
 nister, who successfully exerted his comic powers in behalf
 of the piece, and frequently drew down bursts of applause
 from the audience. The music, by Mr. Hook is entitled to
 the highest praise for sweetness and simplicity.

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, Oct. 21, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton.* ROBIN HOOD—
Mac Nally.

A VERY serious disturbance occurred this evening, owing
 to the change of the entertainment. *Paul and Virginia*
 had been announced in the Bills; but Mr. Incledon having
 caught a severe cold, in consequence of the beastly dress he
 wore the preceding night, in *Azor*, (the indecorum of which
 we have very properly reprobated in our remarks on the
 performances of the 6th instant) the Manager was under
 the necessity of substituting another After-piece in its stead.
 Thus circumstanced, it would have been judicious to have
 selected a popular and pleasing entertainment, instead of
 bringing forward the vile Farce of *Robin Hood*, which has
 scarcely a single feature to recommend it. The audience,
 and not without cause, became outrageous; and notwith-
 standing

standing the persuasive apology made by Mr. Murray, whose peculiar grace of manner, in bespeaking the good will of the audience, renders him the favourite mediator, on such occasions, it was a considerable length of time before the uproar ceased. In fact, a spirit of opposition and hostility manifested itself to the very last.

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 22, 1800.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—*R. B. Sheridan.* WILMORE CASTLE.—*Dr. Houlton.*

Charles, by C. Kemble—another instance of the system of *Nepotismus*, on which we have before commented.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 22, 1800.

DUENNA—*R. B. Sheridan.* HONEST THIEVES.

[A detailed critique on this Opera, in our next.]

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, Oct. 23, 1800.

THE RIVALS—*R. B. Sheridan.* WILMORE CASTLE—*Dr. Houlton.*

The part of *Captain Absolute* taken from Mr. Powell, and given to Mr. Barrymore, who, no doubt will soon be despoiled of it, in his turn, to make way for the *spes altera Romæ*, the junior Kemble. If this system of bare-faced *Nepotismus* be not checked, we may shortly expect to see a *family company* at Drury-Lane. There will be nothing, but *brothers and sister, aunts and cousins.* The *young scion*, lately planted at Winchester, will no doubt, in due season, be removed to a more congenial soil; not to mention the prospect of more *family importations* from the North.

DRAMATIC

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. KEMBLE'S MANAGEMENT.—The new Manager has commenced his reign, as a *rigid disciplinarian*. Of course, his conduct has been subject to much misrepresentation, and his actions have been scrutinized with a jealous eye. A variety of injurious reports have been circulated, the greater part of which, we make no doubt, owe their origin to private pique and disaffection. In such cases, truth generally lies in the middle. Where he appears to us to be faulty, we have not been, nor shall we be sparing of censure, as the reader will perceive from the tenor of the present Number. But when, on the other hand, he appears the object of unjust obloquy, we shall, with alacrity, step forward in his vindication. Equally independant of *Managers*, and of *Performers*, we shall sacrifice our integrity to neither, but canvass the actions of both parties with equal freedom and impartiality.

Among other particular cases, which have been alternately the topic of praise and censure, is the re-engagement of Mr. Wroughton, whose return to the Stage is represented as the means of supplanting other performers, who, from pecuniary circumstances, stand more in need of support. Without entering into the merits of the argument, we shall only observe, that whether right, or wrong, Mr. Kemble is not implicated in the question. Mr. Wroughton made his application to Mr. Richardson, then on a visit at Bath, and was engaged by that gentleman, without Mr. Kemble's interposition.

The name of the lady, who is shortly to make her *debut* at Covent-Garden, in the *Padlock*, is Miss Jacob. She is a pupil of Mrs. Crouch.

A series of Shakspeare's Plays are now printing by Mr. Lowndes, from the *Prompt-Book*, by permission of the Proprietor

Proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre, under the immediate inspection and revisal of Mr. Kemble. This must be welcome intelligence to the admirers of the Dramas of our immortal Bard.

THEATRICAL MEMOIRS.—The *New Annual History of the Green Room* will be published in the course of next December, under the direction of the Editor of the **DRAMATIC CENSOR**. It will be printed in a superior style, on wove paper, and hot-pressed, and embellished with the Portrait of a very distinguished and favourite actress. All Performers and Theatrical persons, whose History has been misrepresented in the former Numbers of this Work, are requested to send the necessary *corrections, addenda*, and documents, (post paid) under cover to the Editor of the **DRAMATIC CENSOR**, at Mr. Roach's Russel-Court. Authentic Biographical communications will be thankfully received.

* * * Owing to the great length of our *Vindication of the Indian*, and the press of temporary matter, **FASHIONABLES, &c.** are unavoidably postponed till next month.

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